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DAREDEVIL® THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR™

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JRJR
AW

NO--

--NOT ANOTHER DEATH--

CRASHH

--NOT IF THERE'S A CHANCE.

SHE HIT ICE.

ICE MEANS WATER.

SHKSHH

NUMBING COLD.

SILENCE.

NO SCENT.

NO WAY TO FIND HER.

RUNNING OUT OF AIR.

GET ONE BREATH.

SEARCH AGAIN.

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HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

VROOOOM

LATER. BACK AT THE DORM.

MATT?

WOAH, MATT. WHAT HAPPENED?

I WENT SWIMMING.

SWIMMING. RIGHT. WITH THAT *ELEKTRA* GIRL.

SHE'S *BAD NEWS*, MATT.

YOU KNOW FLINT'S *SKIING ACCIDENT*? THE ONE WHERE HE BROKE *BOTH* HIS *ARMS*? WELL, YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM *ME*, BUT HE DIDN'T GET HURT *SKIING*.

BUZZ TOLD ME FLINT MADE A *PASS* AT ELEKTRA. AND BEFORE YOU *KNEW* IT SHE WAS *LAUGH-ING* AND THERE HE *WAS*...

ELEKTRA.

ELEKTRA.

WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?

FOGGY KNOWS BETTER THAN TO ARGUE WHEN MATT'S LIKE THIS.

AND SO, AT A RESIDENCE OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

...A VERY WELL-GUARDED RESIDENCE...

...MATT MAKES HIS MOVE.

REMEMBER WHAT STICK TAUGHT YOU, HE TELLS HIMSELF.

YOUR RIBS CAN FLEX.

LET THEM.

MAKE NO SOUND.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN MATT IS GLAD TO BE BLIND.

PEOPLE DEPEND ON THEIR EYES FOR ALMOST EVERYTHING.

THEY MISS SO MUCH.

HE GIVES HIMSELF A MOMENT TO LET THE AIR AND THE SMELLS AND THE ECHOING SOUNDS DESCRIBE THE PLACE.

QUITE A SPREAD.

FOGGY SAID ELEKTRA'S FATHER IS SOME KIND OF BIG SHOT DIPLOMAT. A POWERFUL MAN.

SHE'S PROBABLY HAD IT EASY ALL HER LIFE.

SHE COULD USE A LESSON--

--A LESSON THIS BOY FROM THE TENEMENTS OF HELL'S KITCHEN IS READY TO TEACH.

SHE'S NOT RIGHT ABOUT MATT, EITHER. HE'S NOT A WILD MAN.

HE CAN CONTROL THAT PART OF HIMSELF, THAT CHILDISH MISCHIEF-MAKER, THAT DAREDEVIL...

...THIS, HE THINKS, AS HE MOVES WITH SMOOTH SKILL THAT WOULD PUT A CAT BURGLAR TO SHAME.

HER SCENT.

HER ROOM.

HE SOAKS IT IN. LINGERING HERE, THEN THERE, HIS SENSES PROBING, PROBING.

IT IS AN ACT AS INTIMATE AS IF HE WERE RUNNING HIS HANDS OVER HER BODY...

...SO MANY TROPHIES.

SWIMMING. TRACK.

AIKIDO. KENDO. KARATE.

FIRST PRIZE, EVERY TIME.

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL CAN FIGHT.

NOTHING MORE TO FIND HERE...

WAIT.

A DOG COMING.

NO PROBLEM.

DOGS ALWAYS LOVE MATT.

ROWRR

KUKK

KAKK

KLUD

SO MUCH FOR PLAYING IT QUIET.

KASHH

AND NOW, STRANGELY-- MUSIC, DRIFTING UP FROM BELOW...

...PIANO MUSIC, SOMETHING CLASSICAL-- AND VERY, VERY DIFFICULT.

BUT SHE MAKES IT SOUND EASY.

IS THERE ANYTHING SHE'S BAD AT?

AND NOW SHATTERING GLASS, A SMALL SOUND--

--IN A VERY BIG ROOM.

KASHH

GASPS OF SURPRISE--

--SPILLED DRINKS--

CRASH

UHNNFF

GOD... NOBODY'S THAT FAST...

...WHO IS THAT GUY?...

HE CAN FEEL HER GLANCE.

SHE BREATHES DEEPLY, SHARPLY.

FOR A MOMENT THAT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER, HE CAN'T MOVE.

BRAKA

BRAKA

BRAKA

THEN HE HAS TO.

STUPID--

--BROKE THE RULES-- AGAIN--

--AND, AMIDST THE SHOUTS AND GUNFIRE--

--MATT REALIZES THAT SHE HAS NEVER STOPPED PLAYING.

AND NOW THE MUSIC BUILDS TOWARD A CRESCENDO.

TOWARD CLIMAX.

--MADE A MESS OF THINGS--

--JUST LIKE BEFORE--

SEAL THE EXITS! FIND THAT MAN!

I WANT TO KNOW WHO SENT HIM-- AND WHY!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR ELEKTRA. EVERYTHING'S FINE. YOU'RE SAFE.

YES, POPPA.

SIR, I'M *GETTING* SOMETHING. FROM THE *GATE*. THE SUBJECT HAS *ESCAPED*--

--HE USED SOME KIND OF *KARATE* MOVE ON *POULOS*-- BUT POULOS GOT A *SHOT* OFF. TAGGED HIM IN THE *ARM*.

HE MUST BE *BLEEDING*.

YES, MISS. HE'S LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD. HE WON'T GET FAR.

MATT DOES GET FAR.

MATT GETS ALL THE WAY BACK INTO TOWN.

HE CAN'T RE-MEMBER HOW.

HIS SENSES COME AND GO.

HE HAS NO IDEA HOW MANY TIMES HE FALLS.

HE CRAWLS DEEP INSIDE HIMSELF.

THROUGH WAVES OF NAUSEA AND CLAMMY, ICY COLD, HE CONCENTRATES--

--CONCENTRATES--

--AND HE FINDS THE STRENGTH HE NEEDS.

TO MAKE IT BACK.

TO THE DORM.

CLEAN THE WOUND.

STOP THE BLEEDING.

STAY CONSCIOUS.

STAY CONSCIOUS.

IT'S SIMPLE. SIMPLE.

DON'T GO INTO SHOCK. CLEAN THE WOUND. STAY CONSCIOUS. STOP THE BLEEDING. STAY CONSCIOUS.

IGNORE THE PAIN.

STAY CONSCIOUS.

THEN THE BLEEDING STOPS AND, LIGHT-HEADED, HE KNOWS HE WILL LIVE.

HE LETS THE OUTSIDE WORLD BACK IN...

...TO FEEL STEAM--

--AND HEAR THE RUSH OF WATER, THE SHOWER.

HE'S NOT ALONE.

AND IT'S NOT FOGGY...

A FEW HOURS LATER.

KLIK KLAKK

YO, MATT! YOU GOT THE CHAIN ON! I CAN'T GET IN! OPEN UP!

KNOCK KNOCK

YO, MATT!

KNOCK KNOCK

OH. HI, FOGGY. JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE.

LATER.

NOT THAT I'M COUNTING, PAL, BUT YOU SAID ONE MINUTE, NOT TWENTY.

WHAT THE DEVIL COULD MATT BE DOING IN THERE?

SO. UM. MATT. UM.

ELEKTRA, HUH?

SHE'S REALLY A VERY NICE GIRL, FOGGY.

SHE WENT HOME AND TRIED TO GET SOME SLEEP BUT THE VOICES STARTED IN AGAIN AND THEY WOULDN'T STOP.

SHE COULDN'T STAND TO BE INSIDE.

SHE'S DRAWN BACK TO TIMES SQUARE--

--TO THE CORNER WHERE THE ONES SHE'S WATCHED STAND, LEERING AND SNICKERING.

SHE'S HEARD THEM BRAG ABOUT WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO INNOCENT WOMEN.

AND, FEELING RESTLESS--

--SHE LETS THEM SEE HER, THIS TIME.

THEY ARE PIGS. VERMIN. LISTEN TO THEM CHATTER.

BUILDING THEIR COURAGE.

THEY DESERVE WHAT'S COMING.

THIS IS THE BEST SHE CAN DO. OBEYING THE URGE--

--BUT NOT THE VOICES.

SHE'S NOT CRAZY. THE VOICES ARE REAL.

SHE MADE THE MISTAKE OF TELLING POPPA ABOUT THEM, ONCE.

THEN CAME THE PSYCHIATRISTS. THEY ALL MISSED THE POINT.

SHE HAD TO LIE TO GET RID OF THE PSYCHIATRISTS AND ALL THEIR STUPID QUESTIONS.

THE VOICES ARE REAL.

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, BABE.

YOU CAN SCREAM IF YOU WANT TO.

I WON'T SCREAM.

LET THEM WATCH.

LET THEM BREATHE HARD.

LET THEM ENJOY THEMSELVES-- WHILE THEY CAN.

THE VOICES WILL NOT BE HAPPY ABOUT THIS. THEY WANT INNOCENT BLOOD.

MOVING ACROSS HER ROOM, ALWAYS OUT OF SIGHT, WHISPERING IN HER EAR, RASPY LIKE DRY LEAVES--

--THE VOICES TELL HER SHE HAS A DESTINY WITH THEM.

SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT DESTINY.

BUT THEY DO SOMETHING TO HER MIND. SOMETHING SHE CAN BARELY CONTROL.

AND SO SHE PICKS VICTIMS OF HER OWN.

GENTLEMEN... YOU AREN'T FRIGHTENED, ARE YOU?

CRAZY UPTOWN BROAD.

OUT FOR *FUN.*

WE'LL SHOW YOU *FUN.*

YES, SHOW ME.

DON'T BE NICE ABOUT IT.

SNIKK

CLOSER, NOW. *CLOSER.*

IT'S GONNA *HURT.* IT'S GONNA *HURT.*

YES... OH, YES...

...YES. IT'S GOING TO HURT.

YOU'LL BE SCREAMING--

CRUNCH!

AAAGG

KUKK

VERTEBRAE SNAP.

LIFE LEAVES THIS ONE WITHOUT A WHISPER.

CRAZY--

I'M TAKING NO CHANCES!

CHINK CHKCHAKK

BLAM BLAM

THIS ONE'S BODY TAKES THE BULLETS.

TWO DOWN. SO EASILY.

GLAA

AAAA

GOT YOU--

OOF!

YAAG

CHINGG

CHUKK

OH, NO--

SHE GOT--
SHE GOT--

THE ONE WITH THE CHAIN CALLS HER AN INDESCRIBABLE NAME.

SHE HOPES HE WILL PROVE TO BE A CHALLENGE.

BUT HE'S JUST BIG AND STRONG AND STUPID.

HER FOOT CUTS THROUGH THE MEAT OF HIM LIKE A KNIFE...

ONLY HIS WEAPON IS OF ANY USE.

...IF POPPA COULD SEE THIS HE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE HER...

...THE ONE WITH THE GUN.

MORE RUDE LANGUAGE.

SHE'S STILL CURSING AS THE CHAIN TURNS HER WRIST TO PULP.

THEN IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF SHOVING SHARP BONE INTO SOFT BRAIN.

A NOVICE COULD DO IT.

ONLY THE BIG ONE REMAINS.

ELEKTRA HATES THE SMELL OF HIS SWEAT.

CHING

SNAP

A FEW LAST GURGLING SOUNDS AND THE ALLEY GOES QUIET.

IT TAKES THE POLICE A FULL TWENTY MINUTES TO ARRIVE.

ELEKTRA HAILS A CAB.

OH, BROTHER-- WHAT A MESS!

WHATTAYA MEAN YOU DIDN'T SEE NOTHING?

I WAS DRUNK!

MAN, WE GOT FIVE DEAD HERE!

I WAS DRUNK!

LOOK AT THIS. WHOEVER ACED THESE GUYS GOT ONE DAMN STRANGE SENSE OF HUMOR.

IT WAS A DIS-APPOINTING WORKOUT.

IT'S SO MUCH BETTER WITH MATT.

IN THE CAMPUS GYM, AT NIGHT, IN SECRET...

--THE ONLY TIMES SHE IS NOT LONELY--

--ARE THE TIMES SHE SPENDS WITH MATT.

SHE KNOWS IT CANNOT LAST.

BUT FOR NOW, THEIR SWEAT MIXED, THEIR BODIES AND HEARTS AS ONE--

--SHE IS HAPPY.

AND SO IS MATT.

PERHAPS A LITTLE TOO HAPPY.

BUT THAT'S HIS PROBLEM.

MISTER MURDOCK?

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION, MISTER MURDOCK.

MURDOCK-- ARE YOU LISTENING?

MATT. I THINK YOU'D BETTER ANSWER HIM...

THAT NIGHT. AT THE DORM.

A SURPRISE VISIT.

STAY AWAY FROM HER, KID.

HNH?...

...STICK-- WHAT--

HUKK

ZURK

SHUT UP AND LISTEN. THAT GIRL IS *POISON.* SHE'S ON HER WAY TO THE *WORST* SIDE AND SHE'LL DRAG YOU DOWN *WITH* HER.

IT'S BAD *ENOUGH* YOU *FAILED* ME. I WON'T HAVE YOU JOINING THE *ENEMY.* I'LL *KILL* YOU FIRST.

SO STAY *AWAY* FROM *ELEKTRA.*

YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT--

HHUURGG

A JAB AT HIS THROAT--

--AND THE WORLD GOES WHITE AND SILENT.

AND WHEN HE WAKES, MATT CAN ONLY WONDER-- WAS IT A *DREAM?*

YES. IT HAD TO BE A DREAM. HOW COULD *ELEKTRA* BE *EVIL?...*

...NO. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. SHE'S AN ANGEL.

SHE'S THE PERFECT MATE FOR HIM.

HIS LAUGHING, DANCING PLAYMATE.

HIS WILD, RECKLESS, PASSIONATE LOVER.

BUT WHEN HE HINTS AT THEIR FUTURE TOGETHER, HER LAUGH IS DARK AND TERRIBLY SAD...

YOU NEVER ASK ME ANY *QUESTIONS*, MATT. YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW ME.

YOU'RE SOMETHING I DON'T *DESERVE*. SOMETHING I CAN'T *KEEP*.

IF I COULD HAVE *STOPPED* MYSELF, I NEVER WOULD'VE COME TO YOU. IT WAS WRONG.

YOU'RE EVERYTHING I NEED, ELEKTRA. EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WANTED.

I KILLED FIVE MEN LAST WEEK.

ACTUALLY, ONE OF THEM WAS A WOMAN.

DON'T TALK CRAZY.

NO. OF COURSE YOU CAN'T BELIEVE ME.

I'M TIRED.

AND, LIKE A CAT--

--SHE SLEEPS.

I LOVE YOU, ELEKTRA.

AND, ON A DAY SO COLD IT TURNS TEARS TO ICE...

DO YOU *SEE* NOW, MATT? I LOVED *POPPA*-- AND SO HE *DIED*. HE HAD TO DIE. I WAS A PART OF HIM.

THEY KILLED HIM TO SHOW ME THIS.

WHO, ELEKTRA? WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER?

THE *VOICES*. THEY HAD TO SHOW ME WHAT I *AM*.

BUT I WON'T TAKE YOU WITH ME, YOU WOULD END UP DEAD-- OR WORSE. I WILL DO THIS MUCH RIGHT--I WILL LEAVE YOU.

I WILL GO TO HELL ALONE.

THERE'S NO PERSUADING HER. NO CHANGING HER MIND.

NO WAY TO MAKE HER EXPLAIN.

THERE IS ONLY ONE LAST MINUTE OF HUNGRY *FIRE*--

--AND SHE IS *GONE*.

IN TIME, HE WILL *LEARN* OF THE *WAR* THAT BOTH SHE AND *STICK* ARE PART OF. IN TIME THEY WILL MEET AGAIN.

BUT FOR NOW HE IS ONLY A *YOUNG MAN* WITH A *BROKEN HEART*.

A YOUNG MAN ONCE AGAIN *PUNISHED*.

FOR LETTING HIS WILD PART RUN FREE.

FOR BREAKING THE *RULES*.

MATT'S OLD NEIGHBOR-HOOD. HELL'S KITCHEN.

A SUMMIT CONFERENCE--

--OF THE LEADERS OF THE MANHATTAN UNDERWORLD.

TIMES *CHANGE*, RIGOLETTO. WE GOT *STREET KIDS* OUT THERE *COMPETING* WITH US.

COMPETING, HELL. THEY'RE LEAVING US IN THE *DUST*--BE-CAUSE THEY *KNOW* WHAT PEOPLE *WANT*.

PLEASE LISTEN TO THEM, UNCLE. PROFITS ARE *DOWN*--

ENOUGH! I'LL HEAR NO *MORE* OF THIS!

BE *REASONABLE*, BOSS. WE'VE ALL GOT *FAMILIES* TO THINK OF. AND *EMPLOYEES*.

WHY THE SUDDEN *MORALITY*, RIGO-LETTO? *MONEY* IS THERE TO BE *MADE* --AND I'M TALKING *BILLIONS*. WHY LET SMALL TIME *PIMPS* AND *PUSHERS* CLEAN UP, WHEN WE HAVE THE *MACHINERY* IN PLACE TO DO IT *OUR-SELVES*?

SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU! WE WILL NOT MURDER *CHILDREN!* WE WILL NOT *CATER* TO UNHOLY *PER-VERSIONS!* WE WILL NOT *INFECT* OUR NEIGHBORHOODS WITH *CRACK COCAINE!* WE STICK TO THE *OLD* RACKETS! WE MAY BE *CRIMINALS*, BUT WE ARE NOT *MONSTERS!*

NOW GET OUT OF HERE! ALL OF YOU!

OH, MY FRIEND, MY FRIEND... THEY EXHAUST ME. THEY WOULD SELL *AWAY* OUR *TRADITIONS*--OUR *HONOR*. OUR OWN *FAMILIES* LIVE IN THIS CITY--AND THEY WOULD TURN IT INTO HELL ON EARTH...

MY FRIEND, I NEED YOUR HANDS...

AHHH...YES... THOSE STRONG, STRONG HANDS...

...CHILD PROSTITUTION. DESIGNER DRUGS. IT'S *MADNESS*. MADNESS...

...YES...THAT'S *PERFECT*...I DO HAVE A HEADACHE. YOU ALWAYS *KNOW*, DON'T YOU, MY SILENT, NAMELESS FRIEND...

...DAMN THEM ALL. THEY'D KILL ME IF THEY HAD THE CHANCE. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST...

HUKK

SNAP!

HE HAS WAITED FOR YEARS, THIS KILLER. QUIETLY MAKING THE PROPER CONNECTIONS. BUILDING A SILENT CONSENSUS.

SOON THAT CONSENSUS WILL BE AN UNSHAKABLE STRANGLEHOLD. THEY WILL OBEY HIM OR DIE.

HE WILL RULE THIS CITY.

AS THE LORD OF CRIME.

THE KINGPIN.

ZONE

E E
M R
P I